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THE GREAT ENCHANTMENT

BY L. P. JACKS

THE reader of this article who gets no further than its title may conclude that it does not refer to the affairs of the present day. "Enchantment," he will argue, "was a condition to which our distant ancestors were much exposed; but which, nowadays, prevails only among savages (prior to the arrival of the missionary), between lovers at first sight, in certain extreme schools of psychoanalysis, and in other exceptionally foolish or ignorant circles. In the busy world of our time enchantment has no longer any power. No great enchantment is possible. Whatever enchantments there are must, from the nature of things, be small ones, and even these can have but a precarious existence under the criticism of a scientific and rationalizing age, which, with many faults, is at all events immune to the Enchanter's spell. The title of this article, then, is either a misnomer or else it must refer to the past."

I hasten to assure the reader, who has taken the trouble to read thus far, that the article refers strictly to the present day. I am going to defend the difficult, and I have no doubt unpopular, thesis that the present is, of all ages, the most deeply enchanted; that enchanters were never so numerous, so powerful, so dangerous and so highly paid; that in all lands people are ready and willing to become their victims; that never before has the art of enchantment been brought to a pitch so fine; and that all the varieties of it to be found among our distant ancestors, the unconverted heathen, lovers at first sight, and the extreme schools of psychoanalysis, are as nothing in their malignity to those which prevail and flourish, and are rewarded with honors, in the high places of this scientific, critical, rationalizing and up-to-date world of 1922.

In Great Britain, where the sale of intoxicating liquors still goes on apace, we are all aware of the difficulty of persuading a

drunken man to accept our sober view of him—the view, namely, that declares him drunk. Even next morning, when the police convict him of drunkenness, and tell how they took him to the lock-up on a handbarrow, and the magistrate fines him forty shillings, he will protest his innocence before the high gods, and call down curses on the unjust laws of his country. Americans whose memories go back to the days before prohibition—I am told that Americans seldom look back, most of them being forward-looking men, and their memories, in consequence, growing short—will probably recall a similar phenomenon within their own borders.

But, if it is difficult to persuade a drunken man that he is drunken, how much more difficult must it be to persuade an enchanted community, civilization or age, that it is enchanted. I put it as a problem to psychologists. Assuming that the community, civilization or age is really enchanted, how is the truth to be brought home to those whom it concerns? To begin with, is it not possible that the psychologist may be a victim of enchantment along with his neighbors, and that the very means he takes to break the spell may themselves be spell-bound? Most assuredly the problem of finding a competent spell-breaker is not easy. And even supposing the spell-breaker found, what likelihood is there that the enchanted multitude will accept his ministration? Has not the spell, in depriving them of their common sense, deprived them also of their power of responding to the spell-breaker's appeal? He will not be believed. He will almost certainly be stoned; at least stones will be cast at him. His office is worse than thankless; for there is nothing men resent more bitterly than the imputation of enchantment. The greatest Spell-breaker the world has ever produced was promptly cast out of the vineyard and killed; as He on his part knew very well that He would be.

After citing this example it may seem a strange thing to say that one of the qualifications of an efficient spell-breaker is that he should be, in a certain sense, a hater of his fellowmen; and in extenuation I will only remark in passing that the great Spell-breaker just mentioned was not very friendly to Scribes and Pharisees, nor to windbags and hypocrites in general. Certain it is that a blind and indiscriminating "love of humanity", such as

I hear loudly preached from so many pulpits in these days, and sometimes mentioned with approval by eminent statesmen, (though I do not observe it practised anywhere, least of all by the statesmen aforesaid,) would be a fatal barrier to anyone who should take upon himself the office of delivering men or nations from the Great Enchantment. For it so happens that at no time does our world show itself more deeply enchanted than when it gets talking about "the love of humanity". At all events is it not pretty plain that, in an enchanted world of men and women, the indiscriminate lover of humanity would find himself in love with the enchantments, along with the rest of the prevailing human attributes, and so be incompetent to break their power? Unless he hates their enchantments,—and, sophistry apart, I do not see how he can do that without in some sense hating the enchanted,—he will come to naught. And this of course greatly increases the difficulty and danger of the part he has to play. For the enchanted multitudes will not only resent the imputation that they are enchanted, but will be quick to perceive that the would-be spell-breaker does not love them at that point. And they will repay his hatred with hatred.

I foresee then, from the outset, that the subject I have chosen to enlarge upon may involve me in some unpleasantness with those who take the trouble to read what I have to say. I announce myself a hater of humanity. I hate all that part of humanity, in others and in myself, and more in myself than in others, that invites enchantment and succumbs to it—and a very large part of humanity, my own and others', that is. I foresee further—and this troubles me far more than the unpleasantness referred to—that I may become involved in manifest inconsistencies. The very means I am about to take to describe the Great Enchantment may themselves turn out to be enchanted—and that, too, in a bad sense. Yes, this article, including the words now flowing from my pen, and the phrases which the brain, anticipating the pen, is half consciously forming, may all be under the spell. For the Great Enchantment is operated by incantations, that is, by mere words and phrases. And what have I to offer the reader in this article but mere phrases and words?

But these risks must be run. I take comfort to myself that

they have been run before this by men whose memory I hold in reverence, men whose shoe-latchets I am not worthy to unloose—one of whom I will presently mention.

The Great Enchantment by which all nations great and small, all governments honest and fraudulent, all churches liberal and orthodox, all Parliaments and General Assemblies, all Leagues and Associations, all schools of thought, all debating societies, and all men and women, except the wisest, are now bewitched, is the Enchantment of Vocables. The scene of its operations is the rostrum, the platform, the pulpit, the stump, the book, the newspaper, the magazine article (such as this). Its instrument is the tongue, of which the pen may be considered a mechanical extension, or accessory after the fact.

After long ages in which the affairs of the world were mainly governed by the deeds men did, often crimes, we have now entered on a phase when its affairs are governed by the words men say, mostly lies. By a process of unconscious voting the tongue has been elected to the place of ruling member, the permanent President of all States, united or disunited as the case may be—the tongue, which a well known writer has thus described: “The world of iniquity among our members, which defileth the whole body and setteth on fire the wheel of nature and is set on fire by hell.”

There is, however, one good thing to be said for the tongue. It can, when sufficiently goaded thereto by the miseries of the other members, confess its own tendency to lie and thus shout down its own babble, as the present writer is trying to do, and as Carlyle did, in a manner infinitely more impressive, preaching the Gospel of Silence in thirty volumes.

If the reader pauses for a moment in his daily vocation of earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, and listens attentively to what is going on around him, he will notice that the air is full of incantations (with which, I believe, the word “cant” has a certain etymological connection), pouring out from Congress and Parliament, from platform and pulpit, and from the other houses of magic, or dens of enchantment, that I have mentioned. Next, if he prolongs his observations, he will notice that the “world of

thought", as we call it, though perhaps the "world of not-acting" would be a better name, is divided up into an immense variety of parties or "camps", corresponding to the incantations aforesaid, the adherents of each believing that, if his particular spell is repeated often enough, the business will be done.

For example, one of the most notable and widely heard incantations of the moment runs thus: "*We must have a change of heart.*" Are there not thousands among us, nay millions, who have allowed themselves to be deluded into believing that if the words "change of heart" are roared loud enough, or whispered mellifluously enough, into the ears of the public, hearts will change? Are there not those who solemnly affirm that it is so, and appeal for the proof to the latest discoveries of psychoanalysis?

Of course it is not so, but quite the contrary. "Change of heart", indeed! God knows that we need it. But the louder we roar it, and the more mellifluously we whisper it, and the more we trust to those roarings and whisperings to do the business, the more certain it becomes that our hearts will remain unchanged, except in the direction of becoming harder in their present obstinacies and delusions. The roarers and whisperers will have their pains for naught, as anyone with two eyes in his head can see they are now having.

These men, these roarers and whisperers,—the medicine men of modern civilization,—are indeed much to be pitied, though some of them are highly paid for their vocal exercises. We have carried the division of labor too far, leaving them to specialize in this business, heart-breaking to all who take it seriously (which not all do), of calling their generation to change its heart. Can we deny, on severe self-examination, that we have appointed their task to these men, and set them up in their places, and encouraged them to cultivate their arts, journalistic, literary or homiletic, because we much prefer listening to the cry that our hearts need to be changed, and the eloquence so readily exfoliating therefrom, to the self-denials, labors and vigils, to the agony and bloody sweat which a real change of heart would unquestionably exact from all of us; and, further, because we have suffered a foul bewitchment to persuade us that the first thing can be made to do duty for the second?

It cannot. God gave us all the use of our wits! We have grown so used to this phrase—every newspaper contains it somewhere, and every League of Nations orator fires it off at the point when his argument breaks down—that “changing our hearts” seems to some of us as easy as getting a new suit of clothes. It is considerably more difficult. For while there are tailors according to the flesh who can cut us new clothes for money paid down, there are no tailors according to the spirit who can furnish us with new hearts. Frankly we must do it ourselves; there is no conceivable alternative.

But how? Not by listening to incantations, not by subsidizing “voices”, mellifluous or brazen, not by resorting to spell-doctors or medicine men, no matter how august in their diplomas, mysterious in their initiations and extravagant in their fees—not by any nor all of these will the hearts of men or of nations be changed for the better, but only for the worse. The true prescription is pitched in another key. It bids us put ourselves straightway under a very irksome discipline, akin to that of St. Simeon Stylites on his pillar; beginning with small things and passing on by means of these to greater; as, for instance, to get up an hour earlier and come to breakfast with a pleasant expression; to pull up the weeds in our own garden before looking to see if there are any in our neighbor’s; to keep our hands scrupulously clean, and our face ditto; to harbor no insects on our bodies and no bacteria in our souls; to bear no false witness, and to obey the Ten Commandments generally; to thank God daily that we are alive and to show Him by the thoroughness of the day’s work that He has not created us for nothing; to cut off half the useless baggage train that we drag about with us through life (things are getting harder now!); to honor the hand above the tongue, teaching the first to labor excellently and the second to keep silence discreetly; to do our duty in the sense our fathers gave to the term, and to hold ourselves dishonored when any government or brother man does that for us which we ought to do for ourselves.

Show me a land where a few million of the inhabitants are acting thus and I see a land whose people are wide awake and in possession of their wits. For them I predict a speedy change of

heart. Show me another where the tongue rules, and the hand is untaught, and I see a land of enchantment, whose people are bewitched. For them no change of heart is possible, except for the worse; not though League of Nations orators are crying for it from every platform in the land; nay, more impossible for that very reason.

In brief, wherever the vision has dawned which reveals to men generally how far nobler a thing it is to wield a hand which does good work than wag a tongue that utters fine speech, there, we may say, the Great Enchantment is breaking and the change of heart has begun.

The only type of civilization that will ever be at peace, happy, contented, enlightened, religious, and able to cope with the great mysteries of suffering and death,—things not to be abolished by Act of Parliament nor voted out of existence, and as rife in a world “safe for democracy” as in the unsafest,—is a civilization whose members are loyally striving, each according to the light God has given him, to create something of real value to himself and his fellow men. Let a man be doing this and he will be in the way to win, for himself and for others, all the happiness, all the material and spiritual wellbeing which the universe holds in store for him and for his posterity. Let him not be doing this, and there is no conceivable arrangement of things, no revolution in human affairs, political or economic, which can make him other than a fundamentally miserable man and a cause of misery to others. Without this all Utopias turn out to be rotten. With this they are needless—or rather, they are here already.

Attempts to evade this ineluctable truth are futile, all incantations to the contrary notwithstanding. A civilization in which the majority of men and women are seeking “the basis of the new morality”, and scamping their jobs meanwhile, is from the nature of the case doomed to misery and to ultimate ruin. Mutual mistrust will be the keynote of it, even as it is in the relations of classes and States at the present hour. Nations so poisoned may form themselves into what “Leagues” you will; they will only hate one another the more bitterly and fight one another the more cruelly for that, nearer acquaintance merely serving the purpose—perhaps useful if it can be done no other way—of revealing to

each the rottenness of the rest—not the best way, I imagine, of promoting peace on earth and good will among men. A League of Enchanted Nations, each in bondage to the foul lie that the world can be run by tongues, by the invention of formulas for “mending it while you wait”, is an unpromising proposition. Its fate was written long ago on the plains of Shinar, when the first “skyscraper” was reared, of sun-baked bricks and with slime for mortar, “that they might make them a name”—which they succeeded in doing, but a name very different from the one they were looking for. It was Confusion—the name which waits for every tongue-driven attempt to scale heaven, the fate of enchanted nations since the world began, and of all Holy Alliances, Ententes, and Leagues of such.

Is not this happening under our very noses? On the one hand are the Conferences, or great “palavers”, at Washington, Genoa, The Hague, and where not, constructing “new sanctions” in speeches telegraphed over the world; and around them are the populations bemused by this oratory, men and women comfortably setting the “old sanctions” at naught, from cockcrow to sundown, and assured that all is coming right because (may heaven help us!) the new formulæ, duly voted into omnipotence by the conferences aforesaid, will do the business. Meanwhile France, faced by bankruptcy, and with the heart of Napoleon still beating, unchanged, in her martial bosom, keeps her vast army intact and her powder dry. For what? There are several desperate nations in Europe at the present moment, nearing that point of high danger when, the means of peaceable existence having failed, no alternative to ruin remains but to live on their own resources, trust to conquest and paper money for the rest, fight their way out of the net, and defy the world. “Tempt not a desperate man.” Of what force are “incantations” in the face of facts such as these?

It were greatly to be desired that Americans, in common with my own countrymen, should, for the next ten years or so, resolutely turn their backs on the crowd of small writers and other chatterboxes, who are busy in the invention of formulæ for “mending the world while you wait”, most of which are mere exercises in metaphor, and restudy the message of Thomas Car-

lyle, who was really in earnest and knew what he was talking about.

About Americans Carlyle said many things as unjust as they were unpleasant. But about Britons also he said many things which were equally unpleasant, though perhaps less unjust. He was never tired of telling us, for example, that we are "mostly fools", a saying which made him hateful to the Podsnaps of his time, but which our subsequent history has, in the opinion of many, proved to be true. The few wise men among us have forgiven him that long ago; and I suggest that the time has now come when the wise men of America might forgive him for saying that their nation were "mostly bores", and begin to meditate anew, as many of us are now doing in Britain, with somewhat rueful faces, on the Book of Prophecy he left us. Even his horrible blasphemies about the "Nigger Question" might be overlooked by generous souls in America on the ground that the light that led him astray was undoubtedly light from heaven.

The book of his that I would specially recommend for this purpose of reconciliation and enlightenment is the *Latter Day Pamphlets*, in which I can detect only one really important mistake, the date being given as 1850 instead of 1922. For my own part I find the bitter medicine of that book far more wholesome in our present disorders than the weird and windy prescriptions for mending the world now so plentifully hawked about on both sides of the Atlantic, "by quidnuncs with a smattering of grammar," many of which a wise man would as soon swallow as make his dinner from the witches' cauldron in *Macbeth*.

For example, on opening my weekly paper this morning, the very first thing I light upon (it is a headline) is the following: "The old sanctions for our society have dissolved and we know it; and we know that we must seek new and finer sanctions."

Now, I believe it would be no exaggeration to say that, since the war broke out, I have heard or read that statement, in varying forms, a thousand times. So far it has produced not the slightest effect; nor will produce any, though it be repeated fifty thousand times more, and printed in large type in every newspaper, and shouted from the roof of every house, in Europe and in America—the reason being that it is false. The old sanctions of our society

have not dissolved: if they had, the writer of the statement would have had no breakfast, no pen or typewriter to write his empty words, no newspaper to print them, and no audience to listen to them or to read them. Whatever the old sanctions of society may have done, they have clearly not dissolved, otherwise there would be no society left to talk about, or to address; there would be nobody, even, to do the talking or the addressing; which last would be no unmitigated evil.

I said, a moment ago, that this type of statement produces no effect. I must now contradict myself. It does indeed produce no effect in the direction we all desire, but it produces a very decided effect in a direction none of us desires. It serves to put off the time when the "new and finer sanctions" come into being. For is it not clear as the sun in heaven that if we begin by treating the old sanctions as "dissolved" we have nothing whatever to guide us in seeking the new? What are the old sanctions of society? Some of them (it will be generally admitted) are to be found in the Ten Commandments; for example: Thou shalt not steal; Thou shalt not murder; Thou shalt not covet; Thou shalt not bear false witness; Thou shalt not commit adultery. There is a story told of a certain British Duke who, when the Commandments were read out to him in his private chapel, used to respond to each of them with a loud and pious "Amen!" But there was one exception—the last on my list. When the Chaplain came to this, the Duke's response was a muttered "Damn". Well, let us damn old sanctions in general. Let us treat them all as dissolved, not forgetting to include the one which forbids us to bear false witness—the pivot of the whole lot in the opinion of many. A pretty posture we are now in for seeking those "new and finer sanctions", which are to bring in the millennial era and the reign of the saints! What wonder that the plain-dealing American or British citizen, as he receives his daily dose of these inanities from his newspaper or his parson, secretly confesses that he hasn't the ghost of a notion what the "new and finer sanctions" are to be; that, for his part, he will leave it to "some other fellow" to find out—meanwhile "wholesomely digesting his pudding" as though nothing had happened.

Since the very outbreak of the war there has been, I repeat, an

ever increasing flood of futile eloquence pitched in this key. But worse than that. The eloquence in question would not have come into being at all, and would not have increased as it has done, had there not been a demand for it; and there would have been no demand for it had there not been a general belief, among the men and women of both continents, in the magic efficacy of mere talk; a belief, namely that the salvation of men and nations hinges on the discovery of some verbal formula, which has only to be repeated often enough and loudly enough and eloquently enough to exorcise all the devils that plague society and set mankind on its feet steadfastly marching to the Kingdom of Heaven; "mending the world while you wait" and leaving the individual members of society, namely you and me, free to damn the Ten Commandments at our pleasure, to leave our private gardens uncultivated and full of foul weeds—because, forsooth, the salvation of the world will be sufficiently provided for by the magic formula aforesaid, preached from pulpits and disseminated in millions by the printing press. Was there ever a fouler enchantment? It is the characteristic delusion of our times.

From this enchantment Carlyle did his best to deliver the men of his own generation, warning them, in language hot as boiling lava, that enormous calamity was the certain alternative. He failed to convince them. For a long time no calamity arrived, save such as could be easily forgotten in an age become expert in forgetfulness; the staggering world of 1848 recovered its equilibrium; and the lightheads who had mocked the grim old Tartar from the first flung him away as a back number and went a-whoring after a new progeny of verbalisms. From 1850 to 1914 the enchantment deepened. On all sides men sprung up who declared that we must get a "world view"; world viewing accordingly became the fashion; the philosophers, the politicians, the parsons, the Scribes and the Pharisees took it up; the debating societies buzzed with it; every pickpocket was assured of Paradise provided he were equipped with a "world view". On August 1, 1914, the volcano burst and the world viewers and the world views were blown skyhigh together. The long delayed calamity foreseen by Carlyle had arrived.

There need no longer be any hesitation in ascribing the Great

War, and its horrible sequel in the so-called Peace, to the delusions of an age which had long accustomed itself both to think and to act as though talk could be made to do the business of life. The war was the product of worldwide lying, in which the "world views" formed no small part, especially those that had been worked up in Germany. Not the venial lying which speaks a word untrue to another word, but the mortal, deadly lying where all the words, while beautifully harmonizing with one another, are collectively untrue to reality or fact. The very notion of a "world view", which we were led to believe would be a kind of summarized total, or general conspectus, of all the truth that can be known, is itself a lie of this collective kind, what one might call a "mass lie", and a highly pernicious one. The wisest man that ever drew the breath of life cannot "view" more than an inconceivably small fraction of the world, a significant fraction it is true, just enough to warn him against playing tricks with the Ten Commandments, and no more; the wise man becoming unutterably foolish when he pretends otherwise. What comes of trusting to "world views" to do the business of the world may be abundantly seen in the sorry performance we have already considered, where every writer and speaker, high and low, after explaining his "world view" to admiring sight seers in that line, can think of nothing better than to bellow at his audience to "change their hearts", while making not the least effort to change his own, and with no serious intention of doing so—the world meantime mocking the view he has taken of it and visibly going from bad to worse.

This fundamental lying, which has reproduced itself in an endless progeny of abominable forms, was, I repeat, the underlying cause of the Great War and its sequent calamities. In Germany, where this sort of lying had been developed to a fine art and where the chief adepts in the practice of it were to be found, it produced the trash of Von Bernhardt, Treitschke, Houston Chamberlain and the Kaiser's speeches. In Britain (I say nothing of America) we gave it a more moralized but not less deadly version. Our notion was that the "international situation" is governed by political speeches, protocols, foreign office correspondence, interchange of diplomatic views, and paper treaties

thence resulting. So long as the "conversations" our diplomats were exchanging with their foreign antagonists were sufficiently astute, and the orations of our Foreign Ministers at Guildhall Banquets sufficiently pacific, and the sermons of our parsons sufficiently saturated in moonshine, it mattered little who broke the Ten Commandments nor how rotten were the bricks we turned out of our kilns. And if anything went wrong, could we not vote it right at the next election? "Give us," we cried, "not bricks but speeches; not bricks without straw, but bricks that are nothing but straw! Has not somebody with a world view proved that war doesn't pay? Give us more of that. Put more eloquence into it; multiply the copies; extend the propaganda; and have your votes ready to back it up. What more do you want? Bricks be damned!"

Thus we went on lying for peace, oblivious of the fact that another nation over the way was lying yet harder for war. The hardier liars carried the day; and then lost it; but not until we, with our moralized lies, had paid for them to the uttermost farthing. Yet it was something to have laid the biggest liars low. Surely we had learned at length the lesson old Thomas strove in the agony of his soul to teach us, that the one thing that never pays in this world is not war but lying! His forebodings had come true. His unheeded warning had been fulfilled. The "back number" had become the last thing out. The swift descent of Europe "into a place I had rather not name" had occurred on a scale of horror beyond his darkest vaticinations. So now we will go back to reality, will we not, to the "elemental veracities", to the Ten Commandments, and to the making of good bricks? The "windy counterfeits", the apostles of "beer and balderdash", the purveyors of "bottled moonshine", the "perorating Chimæras", the prating "flunkeys out of work", the "vociferous blockheads", shall all be sent about their business, and we who have been their victims so long, and paid for it so horribly, will play the part of "enchanted human asses" no more!

Alas, it was not to be! The old enchantment lies upon us deeper than ever; the enchantment which so long has bemused us into believing, and into moral slumber while we believe, that the world is to be saved by phrases, formulæ, big words spelt with

capitals, and by the expansion of these into eloquent speechifying and sermonizing, by platform and printing press propaganda, by whirlwind campaigns of "mere vocables", by loud discussion and universal voting on the issue. The historian of the future looking for the salient feature of the present times will, I think, single out as more astonishing than anything else this world wide delusion, still obdurately holding its ground in spite of the crushing refutation just given by the war, that the affairs of the world can be managed by the mere interchange of speech between human individuals, by the mere process of saying things, saying them often enough, and saying them altogether, and then voting them true. "I am getting better and better; I am improving in all respects:" repeat the magic formula often enough and the thing will be done. "What was this," the future historian will say, "what was this, blazoned about as the cure for human ills, and the last revelation of science, but a pathetic witness to the general hypnosis that lay upon that generation, to the foul bewitchment that possessed them, to the blind faith that speechifying could be made to do the business of life, that the thing said determined the thing done? No sooner was the war over than the civilized nations, untaught by its stern rebuke, embraced once more the very lie which had just brought them to the verge of utter calamity and well-nigh undone them. Paper schemes for the reconstruction of the world were poured out by the thousand, all at variance, and each with the tag appended 'Codlin's the friend, not Short'; not one of which had ever the faintest chance of materializing into a fact. 'Go to, now,' they cried, 'let us have a great world palaver and settle everything. Our national palavers have indeed made a sorry mess of our affairs; so let us palaver internationally henceforth, on a polyglot basis, with interpreters at hand to reduce the Babel to some common tongue, which most of us imperfectly understand, and so mend all! 'Peace, peace,' shall be the watchword. The palaverers shall repeat it, internationally; they shall duly chant the formula 'We are at peace; we are becoming day by day more peaceable in all respects,' and peace will be. Meanwhile let whoso will remove his neighbor's landmark. Let whoso will bake rotten bricks. The international palaver, backed by adequate 'world views'—of which we

have dozens ready to suit all fancies—shall henceforth manage this world, shall draw up a new Ten Commandments, and we shall be free to deal with the old Ten—as we have long dealt with them.”

God grant that the future historian’s description of us may end there! God grant that the next paragraph may not run thus: “And so while they were all busy with these ‘world views’ and holding wordy tournaments as to which of their formulæ for ‘mending the world while you wait’ would mend it soonest, the Second Great War broke out and they were all undone.”

I have fulfilled the promise with which this article began; the promise, namely, that I would produce a manifest inconsistency and make myself unpleasant into the bargain. I have used the tongue to expose its own aptitude to speak falsehoods—that is the inconsistency—and I have declared my firm belief that we are all befooled—that is the offense. I apologize for neither. If any man knows of a method for breaking the Great Enchantment which does not involve both the inconsistency and the offense, let him step forth and show us what it is. I leave the problem to the psychologists—who have still to solve the problem of “the Cretan liars.”

Meanwhile I have a word to those fellow adventurers of mine who are engaged in that great enterprise known as Education. “See to it,” I would say, “that you impress upon the rising generation this elemental truth, that the world is built up not by the things men say with their tongues, but by the work they do with their hands. Truth is found, primarily, not in things said but in things done. That every man shall enjoy his day’s work and a good article come out of it—there can be no civilization on any other terms. Ground your citizenship upon that. And remember the Ten Commandments.”

L. P. JACKS.